

THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE;
WITH A
PUPPET-SHOW;
CALL'D THE
PLEASURES *of the* TOWN.

As Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Written by HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

— — — — — *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?
Juv. Sat. 1.

THE THIRD EDITION.

This PIECE was Originally Acted at the *Hay-Market*, and
Revived some Years after at *Drury-Lane*, when it was Revised,
and greatly Alter'd by the AUTHOR, as now Printed.


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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JONES.

TOO long the Tragick Muse bath aw'd the Stage,
And frightned Wives and Children with her Rage.
Too long Drawcanfir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry Lady cries, and Critick sleeps.
With Ghosts, Rapes, Murders, tender Hearts they wound,
Or else, like Thunder, terrify with Sound.
When the skill'd Actress to her weeping Eyes,
With artful Sigh, the Handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each Sympathizing Nymph appears?
And Box and Gallery both melt in Tears.
Or, when in Armour of Corinthian Brass,
Heroick Actor stares you in the Face,
And cries aloud with Emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, Freedom, Liberty and Briton;
While frowning, gaping for Applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his Hands?
Like the tame Animals design'd for Show;
You have your Cues to clap, as they to bow?
Taught to commend, your Judgments have no Share;
By Chance you guess aright, by Chance you err.

But Handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To Night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

PROLOGUE.

*In Days of Yore, when Fools were held in Fashion,
Tho' now, alas ! all banish'd from the Nation,
A merry Jester had reform'd his Lord,
Who wou'd have scorn'd the sterner Stoick's Word.*

*Bred in Democritus his laughing Schools,
Our Author flies sad Heraclitus' Rules :
No Tears, no Terror plead in his Behalf ;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the Tragick or the Comick Name,
Farces and Puppet-shows ne'er miss of Fame.
Since then, in borrow'd Drefs, they've pleased the Town ;
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.*

*Smiles we expect, from the Good-natur'd few ;
As ye are done by, ye Malicious, do ;
And kindly laugh at him, who laughs at you.*



Persons

Persons in the FARCE.

M E N.

| | | |
|---|--------------|-----------------|
| Lucklefs, <i>the Author and Master of</i> | the Show, | } Mr. Mullart. |
| Witmore, <i>his Friend,</i> | | Mr. Lacy. |
| Marplay <i>sen.</i> | } Comedians. | { Mr. Reynolds, |
| Marplay <i>jun.</i> | | |
| Bookweight, <i>a Bookseller,</i> | | Mr. Jones. |
| Scarecrow, | } Scriblers. | { Mr. Marshal. |
| Dash, | | |
| Quibble, | | |
| Blotpage, | | |
| Index, | | — — — |
| Jack, <i>Servant to Luckles,</i> | | Mr. Achurch. |
| Jack-Pudding, | | Mr. Reynolds. |
| Bantomite, | | Mr. Marshal. |

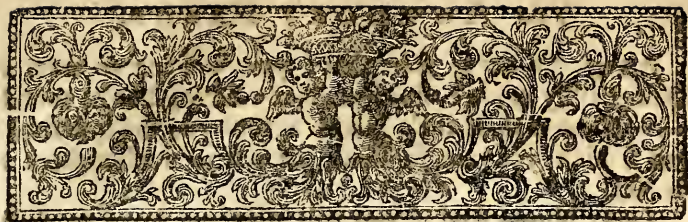
W O M E N.

| | | |
|---|-------|-----------------|
| Mrs. Moneywood, <i>the Author's Land-</i> | lady, | } Mrs. Mullart. |
| Harriot, <i>her Daughter,</i> | | Miss Palms. |

Person

Persons in the PUPPET-SHOW.

| | |
|--|------------------|
| Player, | Mr. Dove. |
| Constable, | Mr. Wells. |
| Murder-text, <i>A Presbyterian Parson,</i> | Mr. Hallam. |
| <i>Goddeſs of Nonſenſe,</i> | Mrs. Mullart. |
| Charon, | Mr. Ayres. |
| Curry, <i>a Bookseller,</i> | Mr. Dove. |
| <i>A Poet,</i> | Mr. W. Hallam. |
| <i>Signior Opera,</i> | Mr. Stopler. |
| <i>Don Tragedio,</i> | Mr. Maſſhal, |
| <i>Sir Farcical Comick,</i> | Mr. Davenport. |
| <i>Dr. Orator,</i> | Mr. Jones. |
| <i>Monsieur Pantomime,</i> | Mr. Knott. |
| <i>Mrs. Novel,</i> | Mrs. Martin. |
| <i>Robgrave, the Sexton,</i> | Mr. Harris. |
| Sailor, | Mr. Achurch. |
| Somebody, | Mr. Harris, Jun. |
| Nobody, | Mr. Wells, Jun. |
| Punch, | Mr. Reynolds. |
| Joan, | Mr. Hicks. |
| <i>Lady Kingcall,</i> | Miss Clarke. |
| <i>Mrs. Cheat'em,</i> | Mrs. Wind. |
| <i>Mrs. Glaſs-ring,</i> | Mrs. Blunt. |
| <i>Count Ugly,</i> | ————— |



THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Lucklefs's Room in Mrs. Moneywood's House.

Mrs. Moneywood, Harriot, Lucklefs.

MONEYWOOD.

NEVER tell me, Mr. *Lucklefs*, of your Play, and your Play. I tell you, I must be paid. I would no more depend on a Benefit-Night of an unacted Play, than I would on a Benefit-Ticket in an undrawn Lottery. Cou'd I have guess'd that I had a Poet in my House! Cou'd I have look'd for a Poet under lac'd Clothes!

Luck. Why not? since you may often find Poverty under them: Nay, they are commonly the Signs of it: And therefore, why may not a Poet be seen in them as well as a Courtier?

Money. Do you make a Jest of my Misfortune, Sir?

Luck. Rather my Misfortune. I am sure I have a better Title to Poverty than you; for notwithstanding the handsom Figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my Stomach to dine to-day.

Money. O never fear that; you will never want a Dinner till you have dined at all the Eating-houses round. — No one shuts their Doors against you the first time; and I think you are so kind, seldom to trouble them a second.

Luck. No— And if you will give me leave to walk out of *your* Doors, the Devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, Sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

Luck. With all my Heart, Madam; get me a Pen and Ink, and I'll give you my Note for it immediately.

Money. Your Note! Who will discount it? Not your Bookseller, for he has as many of your Notes as he has of your Works, Both good lasting Ware, and which are never likely to go out of his Shop, and his Scrutore.

Har. Nay, but Madam, 'tis barbarous to insult him in this-manner.

Money. No doubt you'll take his Part. Pray, get you about your Business. I suppose he intends to pay me, by ruining you. Get you in, this Instant, and remember if ever I see you with him again, I'll turn you out of Doors.

S C E N E II.

Luckless, *Mrs. Moneywood.*

Luck. Discharge all your Ill-nature on me, Madam, but spare poor Miss *Harriot*.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your Familiarity a long while. You are a base Man. Is it not enough to stay three Months in my House without paying me a Farthing, but you must ruin my Child?

Luck. I love her as my Soul. Had I the World, I'd give it her all.

Money. But as you happen to have nothing in the World, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. I suppose you wou'd have settled all your Castles in the Air. Oh! I wish you had liv'd in one of them, instead
of

of my House. Well, I am resolv'd, when you are gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my Door in great red Letters, *No Lodgings for Poets.* — Sure, never was such a Guest as you have been. My Floor is all spoil'd with Ink, my Windows with Verses, and my Door has been almost beat down with Duns.

Luck. Would your House had been beaten down, and every thing, but my dear *Harriot*, crush'd under it.

Money. Sir, Sir —

Luck. Madam, Madam! I will attack you at your own Weapons; I will pay you in your own Coin.

Money. I wish you wou'd pay me in any Coin, Sir.

Luck. Look ye, Madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable Woman can require; I'll shew you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it.

[Turns his Pockets inside out.]

Money. I will not be us'd in this manner. No, Sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as Law.

Luck. By what Law you will put Money into my Pocket, I know not; for I never heard of any one who got Money by the Law, but the Lawyers. I have told you already, and, I tell you again, that the first Money I get shall be yours; and I have great Expectations from my Play. In the mean time, your staying here can be of no Service, and you may possibly drive some fine Thoughts out of my Head. I wou'd write a Love-Scene, and your Daughter wou'd be more proper Company on that Occasion, than you.

Money. You wou'd act a Love-Scene, I believe, but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself, before my Daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Money. Yes, Sir, dispose of myself — 'Tis very well known, that I have had very good Offers since my last dear Husband died. I might have had an Attorney of *New-Inn*, or Mr. *Fiill-pot* the Excise-man: Yes, I had my Choice of two Parsons, or a Doctor of Physick; and yet I slighted them all; yes I slighted them for — for — for you.

Luck.

Luck. For me!

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible Marks of my Passion; too visible for my Reputation. [Sobbing.]

Luck. I have heard very loud Tokens of your Passion; but I rather took it for the Passion of Anger, than of Love.

Money. Oh! it was Love indeed: Nothing but Love upon my Soul.

Luck. The Devil! This way of Dunning is worse than the other.

Money. If thou canst not pay me in Money, let me have it in Love.—If I break through the Modesty of my Sex, let my Passion excuse it—I know the World will call it an impudent Action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my Declaration, you poor beggarly Fellow? You shall repent this, remember you shall repent it, remember that. I'll shew you the Revenge of an injur'd Woman.

Luck. I shall never repent any thing that rids me of you, I am sure.

S C E N E III.

Lucklefs, Harriot.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I have waited an Opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my Dear, I am so sick.

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your Mother! your Mother!

Har. What, has she been Scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse! worse!

Har. Heav'n forbid, she should threaten to go to Law with you.

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! She threatens to go to Church with me. She has made me a generous Offer, that if I will but marry her, she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

Har.

Har. Generous Creature! Sure you will not resist the Proposal?

Luck. Hum! what wou'd you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest Couple—Auh! what a delicate Dish of Matrimony you will make? Her Age with your Youth, her Avarice with your Extravagance, and her Scolding with your Poetry.

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you wou'd be so. You know my unhappy Circumstances, and your Mother's Wealth. It would be at least a prudent Match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha, the World will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. *Lucklefs* had had so much Prudence. This one Action will overbalance all the Follies of your Life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: But, dear *Harriot*, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet as our Affairs stand, I see no Possibility of our being happy together. It will be some Pleasure too, that I may have it in my Power to serve you. Believe me it is with the utmost Reluctance I think of parting with you: For if it was in my Power to have you——

Har. Oh, I am very much oblig'd to you—I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consult Prudence, and part with me? for I wou'd not buy my own Happiness at the Price of yours.

Har. I thank you, Sir,——part with you—intolerable Vanity!

Luck. Then I am resolv'd, and so, my good Landlady, have at you.

Har. Stay, Sir, let me acquaint you with one thing; you are a Villain! and don't think I'm vex'd at any thing, but that I shou'd have been such a Fool, as ever to have had a good Opinion of you.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught by *Jupiter*! And did my dear *Harriot* think me in Earnest?

Har. And was you not in Earnest?

Luck.

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty Woman will be sooner in Earnest to part with her Beauty, or a great Man with his Power.

Har. I wish I were assur'd of the Sincerity of your Love.

A I R. *Butter'd Pease.*

Luck. Does my dearest Harriot ask
What for Love I wou'd pursue?
Wou'd you, Charmer, know what Task
I wou'd undertake for you?

Ask the bold Ambitious, what
He for Honours wou'd atchieve?
Or the gay Voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for Pleasure give?

Ask the Miser what he'd do,
To amass excessive Gain?
Or the Saint, what he'd pursue,
His wish'd Heav'n to obtain?

These I wou'd attempt, and more:
For Oh! my Harriot is to me,
All Ambition, Pleasure, Store,
Or what Heav'n itself can be!

Har. *Wou'd my dearest Luckless know,*
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender Love and Faith to show,
For her dear, her only Man.

Ask the vain Coquette, what she
For Mens Adoration wou'd;
Or from Censure to be free,
Ask the vile censorious Prude.

In a Coach and Six to ride,
What the mercenary Fade,
Or the Widow to be Bride
To a brisk broad-shoulder'd Blade.

*All these I wou'd attempt for thee,
Cou'd I but thy Passion fix ;
Thy Will, my sole Commander be,
And thy Arms my Coach and Six.*

Money. [*within.*] *Harriot, Harriot.*

Har. Hear the dreadful Summons, adieu. I will take the first Opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty Charmer ; go thy ways for the first of thy Sex.

S C E N E IV.

Lucklefs, Jack.

Luck. So ! What News bring you !

Jack. An't please your Honour, I have been at my Lord's, and his Lordship thanks you for the Favour you have offer'd of reading your Play to him ; but he has such a prodigious deal of Business, he begs to be excus'd. I have been with Mr. *Keyber* too : He made me no Answer at all. Mr. *Bookweight* will be here immediately.

Luck. *Jack.*

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my other Hat hither. Carry it to the Pawnbrokers.

Jack. To your Honour's own Pawnbroker.

Luck. Ay—And in thy way home, call at the Cook's Shop. So, one way or other I find, my Head must always provide for my Belly.

S C E N E V.

Lucklefs, Witmore.

Luck. I am surpris'd ! dear *Witmore* !

Wit. Dear *Harry* !

Luck. This is kind, indeed ; but I do not more wonder at finding a Man in this Age, who can be a Friend

Friend to Adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my Friend, as to direct you to me; for she is a Lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wi. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your Unkindness in not Visiting her; Mrs. *Lovewood*.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle Hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill Humour, I am sure of feeding it there with all the Scandal in Town; for no Bawd is half so diligent in looking after Girls with an uncrack'd Maidenhead, as she in searching out Women with crack'd Reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous Office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a Favourer of the Women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the Women and the Muses; the high Roads to Beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of Scribbling yet?

Luck. No, Scribbling is as impossible to cure as the Gout.

Wit. And as sure a Sign of Poverty as the Gout of Riches. 'Sdeath! in an Age of Learning and true Politeness, where a Man might succeed by his Merit, there would be some Encouragement. But now, when Party and Prejudice carry all before them, when Learning is decried, Wit not understood, when the Theatres are Puppet-Shows, and the Comedians Ballad-Singers: When Fools lead the Town, wou'd a Man think to thrive by his Wit? If you must write, write Nonsense, write Operas, write *Hurlo-thrumbo's*, set up an *Oratory* and preach Nonsense; and you may meet with Encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest; if you wou'd receive Applause, deserve to receive Sentence at the *Old-Baily*: And if you wou'd ride in a Coach, deserve to ride in a Cart.

Luck.

Luck. You are warm, my Friend.

Wit. It is because I am your Friend. I cannot bear to hear the Man I love ridiculed by Fools, by Idiots—To hear a Fellow, who had he been born a *Chinese*, had starv'd for want of Genius, to have been even the lowest Mechanick, toss up his empty Noddle with an affected Disdain of what he has not understood; and Women abusing what they have neither seen nor read, from an unreasonable Prejudice to an honest Fellow, whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these Reasons get a Patron, be Pimp to some worthless Man of Quality, write Panegyricks on him, flatter him with as many Virtues as he has Vices: Then perhaps you will engage his Lordship, his Lordship engages the Town on your Side, and then write till your Arms ake, Sense or Nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on Mankind. It is possible to thrive in the World by justifiable Means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by Custom. What does the Soldier or Physician thrive by, but Slaughter? The Lawyer, but by Quarrels? The Courtier, but by Taxes? The Poet, but by Flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting Mankind, but the Husbandman, and the Merchant: The one gives you the Fruit of your own Soil, the other brings you those from Abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well, but prithee leave Railing, and tell me what you wou'd advise me to do?

Wit. Do! why, thou art a vigorous young Fellow, and there are rich Widows in Town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then—for I suppose you are not mad enough to have any Engagement with a poor Mistress.

Luck. Even so, faith, and so heartily that I wou'd not change her for the Widow of a *Cæsar*.

Wit.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches Ruin beyond Retrieval. What unfortunate Stars wert thou born under! Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged Jades the Muses, but you must fasten on some Earth-born Mistress as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [*within.*] Order my Chairmen to call on me at St. James's—No, let 'em stay.

Wit. Heyday! whom the Devil have we here?

Luck. The young Captain, Sir, no less Person, I assure you.

S C E N E VI.

Luckless, Witmore, Marplay junior.

Mar. jun. Mr. *Luckless*, I kiss your Hands—Sir, I am your most obedient humble Servant; you see, Mr. *Luckless*, what Power you have over me. I attend your Commands, tho' several Persons of Quality have staid at Court for me above this Hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you—I have a Tragedy for your House, Mr. *Marplay*.

Mar. jun. Ha! If you will send it to me, I will give you my Opinion of it, and if I can make any Alterations in it that will be for its Advantage, I will do it freely.

Wit. Alterations, Sir?

Mar. jun. Yes, Sir, Alterations—I will maintain it, let a Play be never so good, without Alteration it will do nothing.

Wit. Very odd indeed.

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, Sir?

Wit. No, Sir, I thank Heav'n.

Mar. jun. Oh! your humble Servant—your very humble Servant, Sir. When you write yourself, you will find the Necessity of Alterations. Why, Sir, wou'd you guess that I had alter'd *Shakespeare*?

Wit. Yes faith, Sir, no one sooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the Plays when they are brought to us, a Parcel of crude, undigested

digested Stuff. We are the Persons, Sir, who lick them into Form, that mould them into Shape—The Poet make the Play indeed! The Colour-man might be as well said to make the Picture, or the Weaver the Coat: My Father and I, Sir, are a Couple of poetical Tailors; when a Play is brought us, we consider it as a Tailor does his Coat, we cut it, Sir, we cut it: And let me tell you, we have the exact Measure of the Town, we know how to fit their Taste. The Poets between you and me, are a Pack of ignorant——

Wit. Hold, hold, Sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. *Luckless*: Besides, as I take it, you have done the Town the Honour of writing yourself.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a Man of Sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small Sally into *Parnassus*, took a sort of flying Leap over *Helicon*: But if ever they catch me there again—— Sir, the Town have a Prejudice to my Family; for if any Play cou'd have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over Plot. It wou'd have made half a dozen Novels: Nor was it cram'd with a pack of Wit-traps, like *Congreve*, and *Wycherly*, where every one knows when the Joke was coming. I defy the sharpest Critick of 'em all to have known when any Jokes of mine were coming. The Dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single Joke in it from the Beginning to the End: Besides, Sir, there was one Scene of tender melancholy Conversation, enough to have melted a Heart of Stone; and yet they damn'd it: And they damn'd themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the Town, Sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, Sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forc'd to it.

Luck. That's no easy thing, *Marplay*.

Mar. jun. Yes, Sir. Odes, Odes, a Man may be oblig'd to write those you know.

Luck. }
Wit. } Ha, ha, ha. That's true indeed.

Luck. But about my Tragedy, Mr. *Marplay*?

Mar. jun. I believe my Father is at the Playhouse: If you please we will read it now; but I must call on a young Lady first——Hey! Who's there? Is my Footman there? Order my Chair to the Door——Your Servant, Gentlemen——*Caro vien.* [Exit singing.

Wit. This is the most finish'd Gentleman I ever saw, and hath not, I dare swear, his Equal.

Luck. If he has; here he comes.

S C E N E VII.

Lucklefs, Witmore, Bookweight.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your very humble Servant.

Book. I was told, Sir, that you had particular Business with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr. *Bookweight*; I have something to put into your Hands. I have a Play for you, Mr. *Bookweight*.

Book. Is it accepted, Sir?

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh! Sir, when it is, it will be then Time enough to talk about it. A Play like a Bill is of no value till it is accepted: Nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, Sir, our Playhouses are grown so plenty, and our Actors so scarce, that really Plays are become very bad Commodities. But pray, Sir, do you offer it to the Players or the Patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the Players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that: But a Play which will do on the Stage, will not always do for us; there are your Acting Plays, and your Reading Plays.

Wit. I do not understand that Distinction.

Book. Why, Sir, your Acting Play is intirely supported by the Merit of the Actor; in which Case it signifies very little whether there be any Sense in it or no. Now your Reading Play is of a different Stamp, and must have Wit and Meaning in't. These latter I call your Substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former
are

are your Adjective, as what require the Buffoonry, and Gestures of an Actor to be join'd with 'em to shew their Signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined truly.

Luck. Well, but Mr. *Bookweight*, will you advance Fifty Guineas on my Play?

Book. Fifty Guineas! Yes, Sir. You shall have them with all my Heart, if you will give me Security for 'em. Fifty Guineas for a Play? Sir, I wou'd not give Fifty Shillings.

Luck. S'death, Sir! Do you beat me down at this rate?

Book. No, nor Fifty Farthings. Fifty Guineas! Indeed your Name is well worth that.

Luck. *Jack!* take this worthy Gentleman, and kick him down Stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, Sir, will you please to brush?

Book. Help! Murder! I'll have the Law of you, Sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

S C E N E VIII.

Lucklefs, Witmore, *Mrs.* Moneywood.

Money. What Noise is this? It is a very fine Thing truly, Mr. *Lucklefs*, that you will make these Uproars in my House.

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your Power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, Madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine Reflexions on my Character! Sir, Sir, all the Neighbours know that I have been as quiet a Woman as ever liv'd in the Parish. I had no Noises in my House till you came. We were the Family of Love. But you have been a Nuisance to the whole Neighbourhood. While you had Money my Doors were thundered at every Morning at Four and Five by Coachmen and Chairmen, and since you have had

none, my House has been besieg'd all Day by Creditors and Bailiffs: Then there's the Rascal your Man, but I will pay the Dog, I will scour him.—Sir, I am glad you are a Witness of his Abuses of me.

Wit. I am indeed, Madam, a Witness how unjustly he has abus'd you. [Jack whispers Luckless.

Luck. *Witmore*, excuse me a Moment.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Moneywood, Witmore.

Money. Yes, Sir; and Sir, a Man that has never shewn one the Colour of his Money.

Wit. Very hard, truly: How much may he be in your Debt, pray? Because he has order'd me to pay you.

Money. Ah! Sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the Bill as we settled it this very Morning. I always thought indeed Mr. *Luckless* had a great deal of Honesty in his Principles; any Man may be unfortunate: But I knew when he had Money I shou'd have it; and what signifies dunning a Man, when he hath it not? Now that is a Way with some People which I cou'd never come into.

Wit. There, Madam, is your Money. You may give Mr. *Luckless* the Receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many Thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a Sum to-morrow Morning. Well, if Mr. *Luckless* was but a little soberer, I should like him for a Lodger exceedingly; for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humour'd Man.

SCENE X.

Luckless, Witmore, Moneywood.

Luck. Those are Words I never heard out of that Mouth before.

Money.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be merry, ha, ha!

Luck. Why *Witmore*, thou hast the Faculty opposite to that of a Witch; and can'st lay a Tempest. I shou'd as soon have imagin'd one Man cou'd have stopt a Cannon-Ball in its full Force, as her Tongue,

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best Company in the World, Sir, and so full of his Similitudes.

Wit. *Lucklefs*, good Morrow: I shall see you soon again.

Luck. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a Calm into this House that was scarce ever in it before.

S C E N E XI.

Lucklefs, *Mrs. Moneywood*, *Jack*.

Money. Well, Mr. *Lucklefs*, you are a comical Man, to give one such a Character to a Stranger.

Luck. The Company is gone, Madam; and now, like true Man and Wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please.

Money. Abuse me as you please, so you pay me, Sir.

Luck. 'Sdeath! Madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, Sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your Payment at all: If you was to stay in my House this Quarter of a Year, as I hope you will, I shou'd not ask you for a Farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll.——But I shall have her begin with her Passion immediately; and I had rather be the Object of her Rage for a Year, than of her Love for half an Hour.

Money. But why did you choose to surprise me with my Money? why did you not tell me you wou'd pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you!

Money. Yes, you told me of a Play and Stuff: But you never told me you wou'd order a Gentleman to pay me. A sweet pretty good-humour'd Gentleman he is, Heav'n bless him. Well, you have comical ways with

you : but you have Honesty at the Bottom, and I'm sure the Gentleman himself will own I gave you that Character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now——You see, Madam, I am better than my Word to you ; did he pay it you in Gold or Silver ?

Money. All pure Gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of Silver, which he brought me, within ; will you do me the favour of taking it in Silver ? that will be of use to you in the Shop too.

Money. Any thing to oblige you, Sir !

Luck. *Jack*, bring out the great Bag, Number One. Please to tell the Money, Madam, on that Table.

Money. It's easily told : Heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the Bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why then, come and help to thrust a heavier Bag out.

Money. What do you mean ?

Luck. Only to pay you in my Bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, Dog, I'll swear a Robbery, and have you hang'd : Rogues, Villains !

Luck. Be as noisy as you please.— [*Shuts the Door.*
Jack, call a Coach, and d'ye hear, get up behind it and attend me.





ACT II. SCENE I.

The Playhouse.

Luckless, Marplay *senior*, Marplay *junior*.

LUCKLESS [*Reads.*]

“ THEN hence my Sorrows, hence my ev’ry Fear;
 “ No matter where, so we are blest’d together.
 “ With thee, the barren Rocks, where not one step
 “ Of human Race lies printed in the Snow,
 “ Look lovely as the smiling Infant Spring.

Mar. sen. Augh! Will you please to read that again, Sir?

Luck. “ Then hence my Sorrow, hence my ev’ry Fear.

Mar. sen. “ Then hence my Sorrow—Horror is a much better Word.—And then in the second Line—“ No
 “ matter where, so we are blest’d together—Undoubtedly; it shou’d be No matter where, so somewhere we’re together. Where is the Question, somewhere is the Answer—Read on, Sir.

Luck. With thee, &c.

Mar. sen. No, no, I cou’d alter those Lines to a much better Idea.

“ With thee, the barren Blocks, where not a bit

“ Of human Face is painted on the Bark,

“ Look green as *Covent-Garden* in the Spring.

Luck. Green as *Covent-Garden*!

Mar. jun. Yes, yes; *Covent-Garden* Market, where they sell Greens.

Luck. Monstrous!

Mar. sen. Pray, Sir, read on.

Luck. “ *Leandra* ! oh my Harmonio, I cou’d hear thee still ;
 “ The Nightingale to thee sings out of Tune,
 “ While on thy faithful Breast my Head reclines,
 “ The downy Pillow’s hard ; while from thy Lips
 “ I drink delicious Draughts of Nectar down,
 “ *Falernian* Wines seem bitter to my Taste.

Mar. jun. Here’s Meat, Drink, Singing, and Lodging, Egad.

Luck. He answers.

Mar. jun. But Sir—

Luck. “ Oh let me pull thee, press thee to my Heart,
 “ Thou rising Spring of everlasting Sweets ;
 “ Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all,
 “ Thou’st made *Leandra* mine ; thou Flood of Joy
 “ Mix with my Soul, and rush thro’ ev’ry Vein.

Mar. sen. Those two last Lines again, if you please.

Luck. “ Thou’st made, &c.

Mar. jun. “ ——— Thou Flood of Joy

“ Mix with my Soul, and rush thro’ ev’ry Vein.

Those are two excellent Lines indeed : I never writ better myself : But, Sar——

Luck. “ *Leandra*’s mine, go bid the Tongue of Fate
 “ Pronounce another Word of Bliss like that ;
 “ Search thro’ the eastern Mines and golden Shores,
 “ Where lavish Nature pours forth all her Stores ;
 “ For to my Lot cou’d all her Treasures fall,
 “ I wou’d not change *Leandra* for ’em all.

There ends Act the first, and such an Act, as I believe never was on this Stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. sen. Pray, Sir, let me look at one thing.

“ *Falernian* Wines seem bitter to my Taste.

Pray, Sir, what sort of Wines may your *Falernian* be ? for I never heard of ’em before ; and I am sure, as I keep the best Company, if there had been such Sorts of Wines, I should have tasted ’em. *Tokay* I have drank, and *Lacrimæ* I have drank, but what your *Falernian* is, the Devil take me if I can tell.

Mar.

Mar. jun. I fancy, Father, these Wines grow at the Top of *Parnassus*.

Luck. Do they so, Mr. *Pert*? Why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you shou'd say; The Wines of *Cape* are bitter to my Taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, Sir, and so you need give yourself no farther Trouble about it.

Luck. What particular Fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there is nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my Passions.

Luck. Fare you well, Sir: May another Play be coercive to your Passions.

S C E N E II.

Marplay senior, Marplay junior.

Mar. sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the Play?

Mar. sen. It may be a very good one, for ought I know; but I am resolv'd, since the Town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old Diet.

Mar. jun. But suppose they won't feed on't.

Mar. sen. Then it shall be cramm'd down their Throats.

Mar. jun. I wish, Father, you wou'd leave me that Art for a Legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. sen. 'Tis Buff, Child, 'tis Buff——True *Corinthian* Brass: And Heav'n be prais'd tho' I have giv'n thee no Gold, I have giv'n thee enough of that, which is the better Inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting Estate that will stick by thee all thy Life.

Mar. jun.

Mar. jun. What shall be done with that Farce which was damn'd last Night?

Mar. sen. Give it 'em again to morrow. I have told some Persons of Quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolv'd not to be in the wrong: Let us see which will be weary first, the Town of Damning or we of being Damn'd.

Mar. jun. Rat the Town, I say.

Mar. sen. That's a good Boy; and so say I: But prithee, what didst thou do with the Comedy which I gave thee t'other Day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you order'd me, return'd it to the Author, and told him it wou'd not do.

Mar. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy Interest to keep back all other Authors of any Merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of Writing; for my Writings, you know, have far'd but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is, because thou hast a little mistaken the Method of Writing. The Art of Writing, Boy, is the Art of stealing old Plays, by changing the Name of the Play, and new ones by changing the Name of the Author.

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed Hisses and Catcalls—

Mar. sen. Harmless Musick, Child, very harmless Musick, and what, when one is but well-season'd to it, has no Effect at all: For my part I have been us'd to 'em.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been us'd to 'em too, for that matter.

Mar. sen. And stood 'em bravely too. Idle young Actors are fond of Applause, but take my Word for it, a Clap is a mighty silly empty thing, and does no more good than a Hiss; and therefore if any Man loves Hissing, he may have his three Shillings worth at me, whenever he pleases.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

A Room in Bookweight's House.

Dash, Blotpage, Quibble, writing at several Tables.

Dash. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an Ox, tho' I have not a Bit of one within me. I have not din'd these two Days, and yet my Head is as heavy as any Alderman's or Lord's. I carry about me Symbols of all the Elements; my Head is as heavy as Water, my Pockets are light as Air, my Appetite is as hot as Fire, and my Coat is as dirty as Earth.

Blot. Lend me your *Byssbe*, Mr. *Dash*, I want a Rhime for Wind.

Dash. Why there's blind, and kind, and behind, and find; and Mind: It is of the easiest Termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a Page.

Blot. None of those Words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in Ord, or And or End. I am never so exact, if the two last Letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the Verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the Seas, or as the Wind,

Dash. What wou'd you express in the next Line?

Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the Sense is out already. I would say something about Inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a Verse, and it will do very well too.

Inconstancy will never have an End.

End rhimes very well with Wind.

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a Poem.

Dash. Ay, ay, any thing will do well enough for the middle of a Poem. If you can but get twenty good Lines to place at the Beginning for a Taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that according to you, Mr. *Dash*, a Poet acts pretty much on the same Principles with an Oyster-woman.

Dash.

Dash. Pox take your Simile, it has set my Chaps a watering: But come let us leave off Work for a while, and hear Mr. *Quibble's* Song.

Quib. My Pipes are pure and clear, and my Stomach is as hollow as any Trumpet in *Europe*.

Dash. Come, the Song.

S O N G.

A I R, Ye Commons and Peers.

*How unhappy's the Fate
To live by one's Pate,
And be forc'd to write Hackney for Bread?
An Author's a Joke,
To all manner of Folk,
Wherever he pops up his Head, his Head,
Wherever he pops up his Head.*

*Tho' he mount on that Hack,
Old Pegasus' Back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a Curse of those Streams,
Poetical Dreams,
They never can quench one's Thirst, &c.*

*Ah! how shou'd he fly
On Fancy so high,
When his Limbs are in Durance and Hold?
Or how should he charm,
With Genius so warm,
When his poor naked Body's a cold, &c.*

S C E N E IV.

Bookweight, *Dash*, *Quibble*, *Blotpage*.

Book. Fy upon it, Gentlemen! what, not at your Pens? Do you consider, Mr. *Quibble*, that it is a Fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was publish'd? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate,

rate, before your Answer is printed your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a Controversy up warm. I have had Authors who have writ a Pamphlet in the Morning, answer'd it in the Afternoon, and answer'd that again at Night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible: But it is harder to write on this side the Question, because it is the wrong Side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary that I have known some Authors choose it as the properest to shew their Genius. But let me see what you have produc'd, with all Deference to what that very learned and most ingenious Person, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced. Very well, Sir; for besides that it may sell more of the Letter, all controversial Writers should begin with complimenting their Adversaries, as Prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finish'd with all speed. Well, Mr. *Dash*, have you done that Murder yet?

Dash. Yes, Sir, the Murder is done; I am only about a few moral Reflexions to place before it.

Book. Very well: Then let me have the Ghost finished by this Day Se'nnight.

Dash. What sort of a Ghost wou'd you have this? Sir, the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. *Quibble*, you may lay by that Life which you are about; for I hear the Person is recovered: And write me out Proposals for delivering five Sheets of Mr. *Bailey's English Dictionary* every Week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the Form, you may copy the Proposals for printing *Bayle's Dictionary* in the same manner. The same Words will do for both.

Enter Index.

So, Mr. *Index*, what News with you?

Index. I have brought my Bill, Sir.

Book. What's here? for fitting the Motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen Pamphlets at Sixpence per each,

Six

Six Shillings——For *Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori*, Sixpence.—For *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, Sixpence—Hum! hum, hum! Sum total, for Thirty-six *Latin* Motto's, Eighteen Shillings; ditto *English*, One Shilling and Nine-pence; ditto *Greek*, Four, Four Shillings. These *Greek* Motto's are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the Universities, I will give you mine for nothing

Book. You shall have your Money immediately, and pray remember that I must have two *Latin* Seditious Motto's, and one *Greek* Moral Motto for Pamphlets by to-morrow Morning.

Quib. I want two Latin Sentences, Sir, one for Page the Fourth, in the Praise of Loyalty, and another for Page the Tenth, in Praise of Liberty and Property.

Dask. The Ghost wou'd become a Motto very well, if you wou'd bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleas'd to look on that, Sir, and print me Five hundred Proposals, and as many Receipts.

Book. Proposals for printing by Subscription a new Translation of *Cicero* of the Nature of the Gods and his *Tusculan Questions*, by *Jeremy Index*, Esq; I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a Design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, Sir, it does not, for you see all of the Book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome Way of asking one's Friends for a Guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a Word of it perhaps.

Ind. Not a single Syllable.

Book. Well, you shall have your Proposals forthwith; but I desire you wou'd be a little more reasonable in your Bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain Fellow of a College, who offers to furnish me with Second-hand Motto's out of the *Spectator* for Two-pence each.

Ind.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my Goods, and I hope you will be pleas'd to allow some difference between a neat fresh Piece piping hot out of the Classicks, and old thread-bare worn-out Stuff, that has past thro' ev'ry Pedant's Mouth, and been as common at the Universities as their Whores.

S C E N E V.

Bookweight, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage, Scarecrow.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a Libel against the Ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take any thing against them; for I have two in the Press already. [*Aside.*

Scare. Then, Sir, I have an Apology in Defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a Translation of *Virgil's Æneid*, with Notes on it, if we can agree about the Price.

Book. Why, what Price wou'd you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the Value?

Book. No, no, Sir, I never deal that way: A Poem is a Poem, and a Pamphlet a Pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsom large Volume with a full promising Title-Page at the head of it, printed on a good Paper and Letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling — You have the common Error of Authors, who think People buy Books to read — No, no, Books are only bought to furnish Libraries, as Pictures and Glasses, and Beds and Chairs are for other Rooms. Look-ye, Sir, I don't like your Title-Page; however to oblige a young Beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own Expence.

Scare. But pray, Sir, at whose Expence shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why at mine, Sir, at mine. I am as great a Friend to Learning as the *Dutch* are to Trade: No one can want Bread with me who will earn it; therefore,

fore, Sir, if you please to take your Seat at my Table, here will be every thing necessary provided for you : Good Milk-porridge, very often twice a Day, which is good wholsom Food, and proper for Students : A Translator too is what I want at present ; my last being in *Newgate* for Shop-lifting. The Rogue had a trick of translating out of the Shops as well as the Languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a Translator, for I understand no Language but my own.

Book. What, and translate *Virgil*?

Scare. Alas ! I translated him out of *Dryden*.

Book. Lay by your Hat, Sir, lay by your Hat, and take your Seat immediately. Not qualified ! Thou art as well vers'd in thy Trade as if thou hadst labour'd in my Garret these ten Years : Let me tell you, Friend, you will have more Occasion for Invention than Learning here. You will be oblig'd to translate Books out of all Languages, especially *French*, that were never printed in any Language whatsoever.

Scare. Your Trade abounds in Mysteries.

Book. The Study of Bookselling is as difficult as the Law ; and there are as many Tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a Foreign Name to our own Labours, and sometimes we put our Names to the Labours of others. Then as the Lawyers have *John-a-Nokes* and *Tom-a-Stiles*, so we have Messieurs *Moore* near *St. Paul's*, and *Smith* near the *Royal-Exchange*.

S C E N E VI.

To them Luckless.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your Servant. Who can form to himself an Idea more amiable than of a Man at the Head of so many Patriots working for the Benefit of their Country ?

Book. Truly, Sir, I believe it is an Idea more agreeable to you, than that of a Gentleman in the *Crown-Office*.

Office paying thirty or forty Guineas for abusing an honest Tradesman.

Luck. Pshaw! that was only jocosely done, and a Man who lives by Wit, must not be angry at a Jest.

Book. Look ye, Sir. If you have a mind to compromise the Matter, and have brought me any Money—

Luck. Hast thou been in thy Trade so long, and talk of Money to a modern Author? You might as well have talk'd *Latin* or *Greek* to him. I have brought you Paper, Sir.

Book. That is not bringing me Money, I own. Have you brought me an Opera?

Luck. You may call it an Opera, if you will, but I call it a Puppet-show.

Book. A Puppet-show?

Luck. Ay, a Puppet-show, and is to be play'd this Night in *Drury-Lane* Playhouse.

Book. A Puppet-show in a Playhouse.

Luck. Ah, why, what have been all the Playhouses a long while but Puppet-shows?

Book. Why, I dont know but it may succeed; at least if we can make out a tolerable good Title-Page: So, if you will walk in, if I can make a Bargain with you I will: Gentlemen, you may go to Dinner.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Jack-Pudding, Drummer, Mob.

Jack-P. This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Ladies and others, That at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, this Evening will be perform'd the whole Puppet-show call'd *The Pleasures of the Town*; in which will be shewn the whole Court of Nonsense, with abundance of Singing, Dancing, and several other Entertainments: ----- Also the Comical and diverting Humours of Some-body, and No-body: *Punch* and his Wife *Joan*, to be perform'd by Figures; some of them Six foot high. God save the King.

[*Drum beats.*

S C E N E IX.

Witmore with a Paper, meeting Luckless.

Wit. Oh! *Luckless*, I am overjoy'd to meet you: Here, take this Paper, and you will be discouraged from Writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?——Oh! one of my Play-Bills.

Wit. One of thy Play-Bills!

Luck. Even so——I have taken the Advice you gave me this Morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this Performance of mine to be Rehears'd, and the Actors were all perfect in their Parts; but we happen'd to differ about some Particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my Play refus'd by *Marplay*, I sent for the Managers of the other House in a Passion, join'd Issue with them, and this very Evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you Success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Any where but to hear you damn'd, which I must, was I to go to your Puppet-Show.

Luck. Indulge me in this Trial; and I assure thee, if it be successless, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that Condition I will: But shou'd the Torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable Friend, and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a Man who cou'd do so unfashionable and so generous a thing, as Mr. *Witmore* did this Morning—

Wit. Then I hope you will return it by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the Pit.

Luck. And I behind the Scenes.



S C E N E X.

Lucklefs, Harriot.

Luck. Dear *Harriot*!

Har. I was going to the Playhouse to look after you. I am frightned out of my Wits; I have left my Mother at home with the strangest sort of Man, who is inquiring after you: He has rais'd a Mob before the Door by the oddity of his Appearance; his Dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of Kings, and *Bantam*, and the strangest Stuff.

Luck. What the Devil can he be?

Har. One of your old Acquaintance, I suppose, in Disguise: One of his Majesty's Officers with his Commission in his Pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your Part perfect?

Har. I had, unless this Fellow hath frighten'd it out of my Head again: But I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why so?

Har. I shall never have Assurance enough to go thro' with it, especially if they shou'd hiss me.

Luck. O! your Mask will keep you in Countenance, and as for hissing, you need not fear it. The Audience are generally so favourable to young Beginners: But hift, here is your Mother, and she has seen us. Adieu, my Dear, make what Haste you can to the Playhouse. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XI.

Harriot, Moneywood.

Har. I wish I cou'd avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an Alarm.

Mon. So, so, very fine: Always together, always catter-wauling. How like a Hangdog he stole off; and it's well for him he did, for I shou'd have rung such a Peal in his Ears——There's a Friend of his at my

House wou'd be very glad of his Company, and I wish it was in my Power to bring 'em together.

Har. You wou'd not surely be so barbarous.

Mon. Barbarous, ugh! You whining puling Fool! Huffy, you have not a Drop of my Blood in you. What, you are in love I suppose?

Har. If I was, Madam, it wou'd be no Crime.

Mon. Yes, Madam, but it wou'd, and a Folly too. No Woman of Sense was ever in Love with any thing but a Man's Pocket. What, I suppose he has fill'd your Head with a pack of romantick Stuff of Streams and Dreams, and Charms and Arms. I know this is the Stuff they all run on with, and so run into our Debts, and run away with our Daughters.——Come, confess, are not you two to live in a Wilderness together on Love? Ah! thou Fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in Love, just as he has paid me in Money. If thou wert resolv'd to go a begging, why did you not follow the Camp? There indeed, you might have carried a Knapfack; but here you will have no Knapfack to carry. There indeed you might have had the chance of burying half a Score Husbands in a Campaign; whereas a Poet is a long-lived Animal: you have but one chance of burying him, and that is starving him.

Har. Well, Madam, and I wou'd sooner starve with the Man I love, than ride in a Coach and Six with him I hate: And as for his Passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such Proofs on't.

Mon. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you Proofs of Love!

Har. All that any modest Woman can require.

Mon. If he has given you all a modest Woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest Woman shou'd take: Because he has been so good a Lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the Family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen Grandsons of mine in *Grub-street*.

S C E N E XII.

Moneywood, Harriot, Jack.

Jack. Oh Madam! the Man whom you took for a Bailiff is certainly some great Man; he has a vast many Jewels and other fine things about him; he offer'd me twenty Guineas to shew him my Master, and has given away so much Money among the Chairmen, that some Folks believe he intends to stand Member of Parliament for *Westminster*.

Mon. Nay, then I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, Sirrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more Money till I come.

Har. So, now my Mother is in pursuit of Money, I may securely go in pursuit of my Lover, and I am mistaken, good Mamma, if e'en you wou'd not think that the better Pursuit of the two.

*In generous Love transporting Raptures lie,
Which Age, with all its Treasures, cannot buy.*





A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Playhouse.

Enter Luckless as Master of the Show, and Manager.

Luck. **I**T'S very surprizing, that after I have been at all this Expence and Trouble in setting my Things up in your House, you should desire me to Recant ; and now too, when the Spectators are all assembled, and will either have the Show or their Money.

Man. Nay, Sir, I am very ready to perform my Covenant with you ; but I am told that some of the Players do not like their Parts, and threaten to leave the House : Some to the *Hay-Market*, some to *Goodman's-Fields*, and others to set up two or three more new Playhouses in several Parts of the Town.

Luck. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engag'd in the Performance, but who is now very well satisfied.

Man. Well, Sir, then so am I : But pray what is the Design or Plot ? for I cou'd make neither head nor tail on't.

Luck. Why, Sir, the chief Business is the Election of an Arch-poet, or as others call him a Poet Laureat, to the Goddess of Nonsense. I have introduc'd indeed several other Characters, not intirely necessary to the main Design ; for I was assur'd by a very eminent Critick, that in the way of Writing great Latitude might be allow'd, and that a Writer of Puppet-shows might take as much more Liberty than a Writer of Operas, as an Opera-Writer might be allow'd beyond a Writer of Plays.

As

As for the Scene it lies on the other Side the River *Styx*, and all the People in my Play are dead.

Man. I wish they may not be damn'd too with all my Heart.

Luck. Sir, I depend much on the Good-nature of the Audience, but they are impatient, I hear them knock with their Canes. Let us begin immediately: I think we will have an Overture play'd on this Occasion. Mr. *Seedo*, have you not provided a new Overture on this Occasion?

Seedo. I have compos'd one

Luck. Then pray let us have it. Come, Sir, be pleas'd to sit down by me.

Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is *Punchinello*.

[*The Curtain draws, and discovers Punch in a great Chair.*

Punch sings.

A I R I. Whilst the Town's brimfull of Folly.

Whilst the Town's brimful of Farces,

Flocking whilst we see her Asses

Thick as Grapes upon a Bunch,

Criticks, whilst you smile on Madness,

And more stupid, solemn Sadness;

Sure you will not frown on Punch.

Luck. The next is *Punch's Wife Joan*.

Enter Joan.

Joan. What can ail my Husband? he is continually humming Tunes, tho' his Voice be only fit to warble at *Hog's Norton*, where the Pigs would accompany it with Organs. I was in hopes Death would have stopp'd his Mouth at last. But he keeps his old harmonious Humour even in the Shades.

Punch. Be not angry, dear *Joan*; *Orpheus* obtain'd his Wife from the Shades, by charming *Pluto* with his Musick.

Joan. Sirrah, Sirrah, should *Pluto* hear you Sing,
you cou'd expect no less Punishment than *Tantalus* has :
— Nay, the Waters would be brought above your
Mouth, to stop it.

Punch. Truly, Madam, I don't wish the same Success
Orpheus met with ; could I gain my own Liberty, the
Devil might have you with all my Heart.

A I R II.

Joan, Joan, Joan, has a Thund'ring Tongue.
And Joan, Joan, Joan, is a bold one.
How happy is he,
Who from Wedlock is free :
For who'd have a Wife to scold one ?

Joan. *Punch, Punch, Punch, pr'ythee think of your Hunch,*
Pr'ythee look on your great strutting Belly :
Sirrah, if you dare
War with me declare,
I will beat your fat Guts to a Jelly.

[They Dance.]

A I R III. Bobbing *Joan.*

Pun. *Joan, you are the Plague of my Life,*
A Rope wou'd be welcomer than such a Wife.

Joan. *Punch, your Merits had you but shar'd*
Your Neck had been longer by half a Yard :

Pun. *Ugly Witch,*

Joan. *Son of a Bitch,*

Both. *Wou'd you were hang'd, or drown'd in a Ditch.*

[Dance again.]

Pun. *Since we hate like People in Vogue,*
Let us call not Bitch and Rogue :
Gentler Titles let us use,
Hate each other, but not abuse.

Joan.

Joan. *Pretty Dear!*
Pun. *Ah! Ma Chere!*
Both. *Joy of my Life, and only Care.*

[Dance, and *Exeunt*.]

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is *Charon* and a Poet; they are disputing about an Affair pretty common with Poets
——Going off without Paying.

Enter Charon, and a Poet.

Char. Never tell me, Sir, I expect my Fare. I wonder what Trade these Authors drive in the other World: I would with as good a Will see a Soldier aboard my Boat. A tatter'd Red-coat, and a tatter'd Black one have bilk'd me so often, that I am resolv'd never to take either of them up again—unless I am paid before-hand.

Poet. What a wretched thing it is to be Poor? My Body lay a Fortnight in the other World before it was Buried. And this Fellow has kept my Spirit a Month, sunning himself on the other side the River, because my Pockets were empty. Wilt thou be so kind as to shew me the Way to the Court of *Nonsense*?

Char. Ha, ha! the Court of *Nonsense*! why, pray, Sir, what have you to do there? these Rags look more like the Dress of one of *Apollo's* People, than of *Nonsense's*.

Poet. Why, Fellow, didst thou never carry Rags to *Nonsense*?

Char. Truly, Sir, I cannot say but I have, but it is a long time ago, I assure you. But if you are really bound thither, and are a Poet, as I presume from your outward Appearance, you shou'd have brought a Certificate from the Goddess's Agent, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the Gentleman that writes Odes—So finely! However, that I may not hear any more of your Verses on the River Side,
I'll

I'll e'en carry you over on her Account: She pays for all her insolvent Votaries. Look at that Account, Sir. She is the best Deity to me in the Shades.

Poet. *Spirits imported for the Goddess of Nonsense.*
Five People of great Quality,
Seven ordinary Courtiers,
Nineteen Attorneys,
Eleven Counsellors,
One hundred Poets, Players, Doctors, and Apothecaries,
Fellows of Colleges, and Members of the Royal Society.

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is one of *Charon's Men* with a Prisoner.

Enter Sailor, and a Sexton.

Cha. How now?

Sail. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. *Robgrave* the Sexton, who has plunder'd so many Spirits.

Cha. Are you come at last, Sir? What have you to say for yourself? Ha! Where are all the Jewels and other valuable things you have stolen? Where are they, Sirrah? Ha!

Sex. Alack, Sir, I am but a poor Rogue; the Parish-Officers and others have had them all; I had only a small Reward for stealing them.

Char. Then you shall have another Reward here, Sir. Carry him before Justice *Minos*; the Moment he gets on the other side the Water, let him be shackled and put aboard.

[*Exeunt Sailor and Sexton.*]

Poet. Who knows whether this Rogue has not robb'd me too. I forgot to look in upon my Body before I came away.

Char. Had you any things of Value buried with you?

Poet.

Poet. Things of Inestimable Value; six Folio's of my own Works.

Luck. Most Poets of this Age will have their Works buried with them.

[*The next is the Ghost of a Director.*]

Enter Director.

Dir. Mr. *Charon*, I want a Boat to cross the River.

Cha. You shall have a Place, Sir; I believe I have just room for you, unless you are a Lawyer, and I have strict Orders to carry no more over yet: Hell is too full of them already.

Dir. Sir, I am a Director.

Cha. A Director! what's that?

Dir. A Director of a Company, Sir. I am surpris'd you should not know what that is: I thought our Names had been famous enough on this Road.

Cha. Oh Sir, I ask your Honour's Pardon; will you be pleas'd to go aboard.

Dir. I must have a whole Boat by myself; for I have two Waggon-loads of Treasure that will be here immediately.

Cha. It is as much as my Place is worth to take any thing of that Nature aboard.

Dir. Pshaw, pshaw, you shall go snacks with me, and I warrant we cheat the Devil. I have been already too hard for him in the other World—Do you understand what Security on Bottomry is? I'll make your Fortune.

Cha. Here, take the Gentleman, let him be well fetter'd, and carried aboard, away with him.

Sail. Sir, here are a Waggon-load of Ghosts arriv'd from *England* that were knock'd on the Head at a late Election.

Cha. Fit out another Boat immediately: But be sure to search their Pockets, that they carry nothing over with them. I found a Bank-bill of fifty Pound t'other Day

Day in the Pocket of a Cobler's Ghost, who came hither on the same Account.

2 *Sail*. Sir, a great Number of Passengers arriv'd from London, all bound to the Court of *Nonsense*.

Char. Some Plague, I suppose, or a fresh Cargo of Physicians come to Town from the Universities

Luck. Now, Gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of Figures as I defy all *Europe*, except our own Playhouses, to equal.—Come, put away ; pray mind these Figures.

Enter Don Tragedio, Sir Farcical Comick, Dr. Orator, Signior Opera, Monsieur Pantomime, and Mrs. Novel.

Poet. Ha! *Don Tragedio*, your most obedient Servant. *Sir Farcical!* *Dr. Orator!* I am heartily glad to see you, *Dear Signior Opera!* *Monsieur Pantomime!* Ha! *Mynbeer Van-treble!* *Mrs. Novel* in the Shades too! what lucky Distemper cou'd have sent so much good Company hither?

Trag. A Tragedy occasion'd me to die ;
That perishing the first Day, so did I.

Farc. A Pastoral sent me out of the World. My Life went out in a Hiss ; Stap my Vitals.

Ora. A Muggletonian Dog stabb'd me.

A I R IV. *Silvia*, my Dearest.

Oper. *Claps universal,*
Applauses resounding ;
Hisses confounding
Attending my Song :
My Senses drowned,
And I fell down dead ;
Whilst I was Singing, Ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well, *Monsieur Pantomime*, how came you by your Fate ?

Pantom.

Pantom. [*Makes Signs to his Neck.*]

Poet. Broke his Neck : Alas poor Gentleman ! ———

And you, Mynheer *Van-treble*, what sent you hither ?

Poet. And you Madam *Novel* ?

A I R V. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

Nov. *Ob! Pity all a Maiden,*
Condemn'd hard Fates to prove ;
I rather would have laid-in,
Than thus have died for Love !
'Twas hard t'encounter Death-a,
Before the Bridal Bed ;
Ab! would I had kept my Breath-a,
And lost my Maiden-head.

Poet. Poor Lady !

Cha. Come, my Masters, it is a rare fresh Gale ; if you please I'll shew you aboard.

Luck. Observe, Gentlemen, how these Figures walk off. The next, Gentlemen, is a Blackamore Lady, who comes to present you with a Saraband and Castanets.

[*A Dance.*

Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I shall produce a Book-feller who is the prime Minister of *Nonsense*, and the Poet.

Enter Bookfeller, and Poet.

Poet. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange !

Book. And yet 'tis true. Did you observe her Eyes ?

Poet. Her Ears rather, for there she took the Infection. She saw the *Signior's* Visage in his Voice.

Book. Did you not mark, how she melted when he Sung ?

Poet. I saw her like another *Dido*. I saw her Heart rise up to her Eyes, and drop down again to her Ears.

Book.

Book. That a Woman of so much Sense as the Goddess of *Nonsense*, should be taken thus at first Sight! I have serv'd her faithfully these thirty Years as a Book-feller in the upper World, and never knew her guilty of one Folly before.

Poet. Nay certainly, Mr. *Curry*, you know as much of her, as any Man.

Book. I think I ought, I am sure I have made as large Oblations to her, as all *Warwick-Lane* and *Pater-Noster-Row*.

Poet. But is she, this Night, to be married to *Signior Opera*?

Book. This is to be the Bridal Night. Well, this will be the strangest Thing that has hapned in the Shades, since the Rape of *Proserpine*.—But now I think on't, what News bring you from the other World?

Poet. Why, Affairs go much in the same Road there as when you were alive, Authors starve, and Booksellers grow fat, *Grub-street* harbours as many Pirates as ever *Algiers* did. They have more Theatres than are at *Paris*, and just as much Wit as there is at *Amsterdam*; they have ranfack'd all *Italy* for Singers, and all *France* for Dancers.

Book. And all Hell for Conjurers.

Poet. My Lord-Mayor has shorten'd the Time of *Bartholomew-Fair* in *Smithfield*, and so they are resolv'd to keep it all the Year round at the other End of the Town.

Book. I find Matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted; if you please, Sir, I will shew you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Punch.

Punch. You, Fidler.

Luck. Well, *Punch*, what's the Matter now?

Punch. What do you think my Wife *Joan* is about?

Luck.

Luck. Faith, I can't tell.

Punch. Odsbobs; she is got with three Women of Quality at Quadrille.

Luck. Quadrille! ha, ha!

Punch. I have taken a Resolution to run away from her, and set up a Trade.

Luck. A Trade? why, you have no Stock:

Punch. Oh, but I intend to break, cheat my Creditors, and so get one.

Luck. That Bite is too stale, Master *Punch*.

Punch. Is it? Then I'll e'en turn Lawyer. There is no Stock requir'd there, but a Stock of Impudence.

Luck. Yes, there is a Stock of Law, without which you will starve at the Bar.

Punch. Ay, but I'll get upon the Bench, then I shall soon have Law enough; for then I can make any thing I say to be Law.

Luck. Hush, you scurrilous Rascal.

Punch. Odsbobs, I have hit it now.

Luck. What now?

Punch. I have it at last; the rarest Trade. *Punch*, thou art made for ever.

Luck. What Conceit has the Fool got in his Head now?

Punch. I'll e'en turn Parliament-Man.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Sirrah, thou hast neither Interest nor Qualification.

Punch. How! not Interest? Yes, Sir, *Punch* is very well known to have a very considerable Interest in all the Corporations in *England*; and for Qualification, if I have no Estate of my own, I can borrow one.

Luck. This will never do, Master *Punch*—You must think of something you have a better Qualification for.

Punch. Ay, why then I'll turn great Man, that requires no Qualification whatsoever.

Luck. Get you gone, you impudent Rogue.

Gentlemen, the next Figures are *Some-body* and *No-body*, come to present you with a Song and a Dance.

Enter

Enter Some-body, and No-body.

A I R VII. Black Joke.

Some. *Of all the Men in London Town,
Or Knaves, or Fools, in Coat, or Gown,
The Representative am I:*

No. *Go thro' the World, and you will find,
In all the Classes of Human-kind,
Many a jolly No-body.*

*For him, a No-body, sure we may call,
Who during his Life does nothing at all,
But Eat, and Snore,
And Drink, and Rore,
From Whore to the Tavern, from Tavern to Whore,
With a lac'd Coat, and that is all.*

Luck. Gentlemen, this is the End of the first Interlude.



Luck. Now, Gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious Scene that has ever appear'd on the Stage: It is *The Court of Nonsense*. Play away, soft Musick, and draw up the Curtain.

The Curtain drawn up to soft Musick, discovers the Goddess of Nonsense on a Throne; the Orator in a Tub; Tragedio, &c. attending.

Nonf. Let all my Votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful Day.

Luck.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe what a Lover of *Recitativo*, *Nonsense* is.

Nonf. Monsieur *Pantomime*! you are welcome.

Pant. [*Cuts a Caper.*]

Nonf. Alas, poor Gentleman! he is modest: you may speak; no Words offend, that have no Wit in them.

Mast. Why, Madam *Nonsense*, don't you know that Monsieur *Pantomime* is dumb? and yet let me tell you, he has been of great Service to you; he is the only One of your Votaries that sets People asleep without Talking. But here's *Don Tragedio* will make Noise enough.

Trag. Yes, *Tragedio* is indeed my Name,
Long since recorded in the Rolls of Fame,
At *Lincoln's-Inn*, and eke at *Drury-Lane*.
Let everlasting Thunder sound my Praise,
And forked Light'ning in my Scutcheon blaze;
To *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Dryden*, *Lee*, or *Rowe*.
I not a Line, no, not a Thought, do owe.
Me, for my Novelty, let all adore,
For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

Nonf. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

Trag. That Welcome, yes, that Welcome is my Due,
Two Tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you;
And, had not Hisses, Hisses me dismay'd,
By this, I'd writ Two-score, Two-score, by Jay'd.

Luck. By Jay'd! ay, that's another Excellence of the Don's; he does not only glean up all the Bad Words of other Authors, but makes new Bad Words of his own.

Farc. Nay, i'gad, I have made new Words, and spoil'd old ones too, if you talk of that; I have made Foreigners break *English*, and *Englishmen* break *Latin*. I have as great a Confusion of Languages in my Play, as was at the Building of *Babel*.

Luck. And so much the more extraordinary, because the Author understands no Language at all.

Farc. No Language at all!—Stap my Vitals.

Nonf. Dr. *Orator*, I have heard of you,

D

Orat.

Orat. Ay, and you might have heard me too, I bawl'd loud enough, I'm sure.

Mast. She might have heard you: But if she had understood your Advertisements, I will believe *Nonsense* to have more Understanding than *Apollo*.

Orat. Have understood me, Sir! what has Understanding to do? My Hearers would be diverted, and they are so; which could not be if Understanding were necessary; because very few of them have any.

Nonf. You've all deserv'd my hearty Thanks—but here my Treasure I bestow. [To Opera.]

Oper. Your Highness knows what Reward I prize.

A I R VIII. Lillibolera.

Op. *Let the foolish Philosopher strive in his Cell,
By Wisdom, or Virtue, to merit true Praise;
The Soldier in Hardship and Danger still dwell,
That Glory and Honour may crown his last Days;
The Patriot sweat,
To be thought Great;
Or Beauty all Day at the Looking-glass toil;
That popular Voices
May ring their Applauses,
While a Breath is the only Reward of their Coil.*

*But would you a wise Man to Action incite,
Be Riches propos'd the Reward of his Pain:
In Riches is center'd all Human Delight;
No Joy is on Earth, but what Gold can obtain.
If Women, Wine,
Or Grandeur fine,
Be most your Delight, all these Riches can;
Would you have Men to flatter?
To be Rich is the Matter;*

When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

Nonf. [Repeating in an Ecstasy.]

When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

The Pleasures of the Town.

SE

Bravissimo! I long to be your Wife.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe and take notice how the Goddess of *Nonsense* is smitten by Musick, and falls in love with the Ghost of *Signior Opera*.

Novel. If all my Romances ever pleas'd the Ear of my Goddess—if I ever found Favour in her Sight—oh, do not rob me thus!

Nonf. What means my Daughter?

Novel. Alas, he is my Husband!

Curry. But tho' he were your Husband in the other World, Death solves that Tye, and he is at Liberty now to take another; and I never knew any one Instance of a Husband here, who would take the same Wife again.

A I R IX. Whilst I gaz'd on *Cloe* trembling,

Novel. *May all Maids from me take Warning,*

How a Lover's Arms they fly:

Lest the first kind Offer scorning,

They, without a Second, die.

How unhappy is my Passion!

How tormenting is my Pain!

If you thwart my Inclination,

Let me die for Love again.

Curry. Again! What, did you die for Love of your Husband?

Novel. He knows he ought to have been so.——He swore he wou'd be so.——Yes, he knows I dy'd for Love, for I dy'd in Childbed.

Orat. Why, Madam, did you not tell me all the Road hither, that you was a Virgin?

A I R X. Highland Laddy.

Oper. *I was told, in my Life,*

Death, for ever,

Did dissever,

The Pleasures of the Town.

*Men from ev'ry mortal Strife,
And that greatest Plague, a Wife.*

*For had the Priests possess'd Men,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us,
Their Devil would be a Jest then,
And our Devil a Wife.*

Nonf. Avaunt, polluted Wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take Pollution to my Arms,
No, no, ——— no, no, ——— no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a Goddess, I'll e'en
prove a Man of Honour. ——— I was always in Love
with thee, my Angel; but Ambition is a dreadful Thing.
However my Ghost shall pay the Debts of my Body.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost Dear!

Novel. My new-found Bud!

A I R XI. *Dusty Miller.*

Oper. *Will my charming Creature
Once again receive me?
Tho' I prov'd a Traitor,
Will she still believe me?
I will well repay thee,
For past Faults of Roving,
Nor shall any Day be
Without Proofs of Loving.*

*On that tender lily Breast
Whilst I lie panting,
Both together blest,
Both with Transports fainting.*

Both. *Sure no Human Hearts
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our Souls united.*

AI R XII. Over the Hills and far away.

Op. *Were I laid on Scotland's Coast,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Dear,
Let Scrubbado do its most,
I wou'd know no Grief or Fear:*

Nov. *Were we cast on Ireland's Soil,
There confin'd in Bogs to dwell,
For thee Potatoes I wou'd boil,
No Irish Spouse shou'd feast so well.*

Op. *And tho' we scrubb'd it all the Day,
Nov. We'd kiss and bug the Night away;
Op. Scotch and Irish both shou'd say,
Both. Oh, how blest! how blest are they!*

Orat. Since my Goddefs is disengaged from one Lover, may the humblest, yet not the least diligent of her Servants, hope she wou'd smile on him?

Luck. Master Orator, you had best try to charm the Goddefs with an Oration.

Orat. The History of a Fiddle and a Fiddlestick is going to be held forth; being particularly desir'd in a Letter from a certain Querist on that Point.

A Fiddle is a Statesman: why? Because it's hollow. A Fiddlestick is a Drunkard: why? Because it loves Ros'ning.

Luck. Gentlemen observe how he balances his Hands; his Left Hand is the Fiddle, and his Right Hand is the Fiddlestick.

Orat. A Fiddle is like a Beau's Nose, because the Bridge is often down; a Fiddlestick is like a Mountebank, because it plays upon a Crowd.—A Fiddle is like a Stockjobber's Tongue, because it sounds different Notes; and a Fiddlestick is like a Stockjobber's Wig, because it has a great deal of Horsehair in it.

Luck. And your Oration is like yourself; because it has a great deal of Nonsense in it.

Nonf. In vain you try to charm my Ears, unless by Musick.

Orat. Have at you then.

Maſt. Gentlemen, observe how the Doctor sings in his Tub. Here are no Wires; all alive, alive, ho!

Orat. Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Moll Pately*.

A I R XIII. *Moll Pately.*

*All Men are Birds by Nature, Sir,
Tho' they have not Wings to fly;
On Earth a Soldier's a Creature, Sir,
Much resembling a Kite in the Sky;
The Phyſician is a Fowl, Sir,
Whom moſt Men call an Owl, Sir,
Who by his Hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that Death is nigh.*

*The Uſurer is a Swallow, Sir,
That can ſwallow Gold by the Jorum;
A Woodcock is Squire Shallow, Sir;
And a Goose is oſt of the Quorum:
The Gameſter is a Rook, Sir;
The Lawyer, with his Coke, Sir,
Is but a Raven,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
After the ready Rhinorum.*

*Young Virgins are ſcarce as Rails, Sir;
Plenty as Batts the Night-walkers go;
Soft Italians are Nightingales, Sir,
And a Cock-Sparrow mimicks a Beau:*

*Like Birds Men are to be Caught, Sir ;
Like Birds Men are to be Bought, Sir :
Men of a Side,
Like Birds of a Feather,
Will flock together,
Will flock together,
Both Sexes like Birds will——too.*

Nonf. 'Tis all in vain.

Trag. Is *Nonsense* of me then forgetful grown,
And must the Signior be preferr'd alone ?
Is it for this, for this, ye Gods, that I
Have in one Scene made some Folks laugh, some cry ;
For this does my low blust'ring Language creep,
At once to wake you, and to make you sleep ?

Far. And so all my Puns, and Quibbles, and Conundrums are quite forgotten, stap my Vitals !

Or. More Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Rogues*,
Rogues, *Rogues*.

A I R XIV. There was a jovial Beggar.

*The Stone that all things turns at will
To Gold, the Chymist craves ;
But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves.*

For a Cheating they will go, &c.

*The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
When on his Goods he lays
Too high a Price——but faith he's bit,
For a Courtier never pays.*

For a Cheating they will go, &c.

*The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
Hangs him who steals your Pelf ;
Because the good Man can endure
No Robber but himself.*

For a Cheating, &c.

*Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman—
 What Difference can there be?
 Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
 Both kill you for a Fee.*

*For a Cheating, &c.
 The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
 And to a Mistress goes,
 While she at home, to ease her Life,
 Carouses with the Beaus.*

*For a Cheating, &c.
 That some Directors Cheats were,
 Some have made bold to doubt;
 Did not the Supercargo's Care
 Prevent their finding out.*

*For a Cheating, &c.
 The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
 (So low this Art we find,)
 The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
 My Lord tricks all Mankind.*

*For a Cheating, &c.
 One Set there are to whose fair Lot
 No cheating Arts do fall,
 And those are Parsons call'd, God wot;
 And so I cheat you all.*

For a Cheating, &c.

Enter Charon.

Char. An't please your Majesty; there is an odd sort of a Man on t'other side the Water says he's recommended to you by some People of Quality.——Egad I don't care to take him aboard, not I.——He says his Name is *Hurloborumbo*——*rumbo*——*Hurloborumbolo*, I think he calls himself, he looks like one of *Apollo's* People in my Opinion, he seems to be mad enough to be a real Poet.

Nonf. Take him aboard.

Char. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship, I hear rare News, they say you are to be declared Goddess of Wit.

Curry.

Curry. That's no News, Mr. *Charon*.

Char. Well, I'll take *Hurloborumbo* aboard.

[*Exit Charon.*]

Orat. I must win the Goddess before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever.—A Rap at the Times.

A I R XV. When I was a Dame of Honour,

Come all who've heard my Cushion beat,

Confess me as full of Dulness

As any Egg is full of Meat,

Or full Moon is of Fulness:

Let the Justice and his Clerk both own,

Than theirs my Dulness greater;

And tell how I've harangu'd the Town,

When I was a bold Orator.

The Lawyer wrangling at the Bar,

While the Reverend Bench is dozing,

The Scribler in a Pamphlet War,

Or Grubstreet Bard composing:

The trudging Quack in Scarlet Cloke,

Or Coffee-house Politick Prater;

Can none come up to what I have spoke,

When I was a bold Orator.

The well-bred Courtier telling Lies,

Or Levée Hunter believing;

The vain Coquette that rolls her Eyes,

More empty Fops deceiving;

The Parson of dissenting Gang,

Or flattering Dedicator,

Could none of them like me Harangue,

When I was a bold Orator.

Enter Punch.

Punch. You, you, you.

Luck. What's the matter, *Punch*?

Punch. Who is that?

Luck. That's an Orator, Master *Punch*.

Punch. An Orator——What's that?

Luck.

Luck. Why an Orator is—egad I can't tell what ;
he is a Man that no body dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so, I'll be with him presently. Bring
out my Tub there. I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant.
I am a *Mugletonian*.

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my Opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole Tribe
would be the Death of me ; but I am resolv'd to proceed
to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I
have Breath you shall hear me ; and I hope I have
Breath enough to blow you all out of the World.

Punch. If Noise will.

Orat. Sir, I —

Punch. Hear me, Sir.

Nonf. Hear him ; hear him ; hear him.

A I R XVI. Hey *Barnaby*, take it for Warning.

Punch. *No Tricks shall save your Bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken ;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your Reasons or you are nonsuited,
Heigh ho.*

Orat. *No Tricks shall save your Bacon.
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken.
Instead of Reasons advancing,
Let the Dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti, to. [They dance.*

Nonf. 'Tis all in vain : A Virgin I will live ; and oh
great Signior, pr'ythee take this Chaplet, and still wear
it for my sake.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how Signior *Opera* is created
Arch-poet to the Goddess of *Nonsense*.

Trag. And does great *Nonsense* then at length determine
To give the Chaplet to that Singing Vermin ?

Nonf. I do.

Trag.

Trag. Then *Opera* come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the Chaplet, You or I.

A I R XVII. Be kind and love.

Nov. *Ob, spare to take his precious Life away ;*
So sweet a Voice must sure your Passion lay :
Ob bear his gentle Murmurs first, and then,
If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

Trag. Since but a Song you ask, a Song I'll hear ;
But tell him, that last Song is his last Prayer.

A I R XVIII.

Op. *Barbarous cruel Man,*
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a Swan,
A Swan,
A Swan,
With my Face all pale and wan.
More fierce art thou than Pirates,
Than Pirates,
Whom the Sirens Musick charms,
Alarms,
Disarms ;
More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
On the high --- Roads,
On the high --- Roads.
More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
When Polly Peachum warms.
The Devil
Was made civil,
By Orpheus's tuneful Charms ;
And can -----
-----n,
He gentler prove than Man ?

Trag. I cannot do it——— [Sheaths his Sword.
Methinks I feel my Flesh congeal'd to Bone,
And know not if I'm Flesh and Blood, or Stone.

Pant.

Pant. [*Runs several times round the Stage.*]

Nonf. Alas, what means Monsieur *Pantomime* ?

Curry. By his pointing to his Head, I suppose he would have the Chaplet.

Nonf. Pretty Youth !

Nov. Oh, my Dear, how shall I express the Trouble of my Soul ?

Op. If there be Sympathy in Love, I'm sure I felt it ; for I was in a damnable Fright too.

Nov. Give me a Buss then.

A I R XIX. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*In vain a Thousand Heroes and Kings
Should court me to their Arms,
In vain should give me a Thousand fine Things,
For thee I'd reserve my Charms :
On that dear Breast, intranc'd in Joy,
Oh, let me ever be.*

Op. Oh, how I will kiss thee,
How I'll embliss thee,
When thou art a-bed with me.

Nonf. [*repeats*] Oh, how I will kiss thee, &c.

Alas ! what mighty Noise ?

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is a Messenger.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Stay, Goddess, nor with haste the Prize bequeath,
A mighty Spright now hastens here beneath ;
Long in the World your noble Cause he fought ;
Your Laureat there, your Precepts still he taught.
To his great Son he leaves that Laurel now,
And hastens to receive one here below.

Nonf. I can't revoke my Grant, but he
Shall Manager of our Players be.

Luck.

Luck. The next is Count Ugly from the Opera-house in the Hay-market.

Enter Count Ugly.

Nonf. Too late, O mighty Count, you came.

Count. *I ask not for myself, for I disdain
O'er the poor ragged Tribe of Bards to reign.
Me did my Stars to happier Fates prefer,
Sur-Intendant dez plaisirs d'Angleterre ;
If Masquerades you have, let those be mine,
But on the Signior let the Laurel shine.*

Trag. What is thy Plea ? Has't written ?

Count. No, nor read.

*But if from Dulness any may succeed,
To that and Nonsense I good Title plead,
Nought else was ever in my Masquerade.*

Nonf. No more, by Styx I swear

That Opera the Crown shall wear.

A I R.

Nov. *Away each meek Pretender flies,
Opera thou hast gain'd the Prize.
Nonsense grateful still must own,
Thou best support'st her Throne.
For her Subscriptions thou didst gain
By thy soft alluring Strain,
When Shakespear's Thought
And Congreve's brought
Their Aids to Sense in vain.*

*Beauties who subdue Mankind,
Thy soft Chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely Eyes
The melting Wish arise :
[While thy Sounds enchant the Ear,
Lovers think the Nymph sincere;
And Projectors,
And Directors,
Lose a while their Fear.*

Enter

*Enter Charon.**Luck.* How now, *Charon*? you are not to enter yet.*Char.* To enter, Sir! Alack-a-day! we are all undone: Here are Sir *John Bindover* and a Constable coming in.*Enter Sir John, and Constable.**Const.* Are you the Master of the Puppet-Show?*Luck.* Yes, Sir.*Const.* Then you must along with me, Sir; I have a Warrant for you, Sir.*Luck.* For what?*Sir John.* For abusing *Nonsense*, Sirrah.*Const.* People of Quality are not to have their Diversions libell'd at this Rate.*Luck.* Of what do you accuse me, Gentlemen?*Sir John.* Shall you abuse *Nonsense*, when the whole Town supports it?*Luck.* Pox on't, had this Fellow staid a few Moments longer, till the Dance had been over, I had been easy. Harkye, Mr. *Constable*; shall I only beg your Patience for one Dance, and then I'll wait on you?*Sir John.* Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the Magistrate with your Bribes: Here shall be no Dancing.*Nov.* What does this Fellow of a Constable mean by interrupting our Play?A I R XXI. Fair *Dorinda*.*Ob Mr. Constable,**Drunken Rascal,**Would I had thee at the Rose.**May'st thou be beaten,**Hang'd up and eaten,**Eaten by the Carrion Crows.**The Filth that lies in Common Shores,**May it ever lie in thy Nose,**May it ever**Lie in thy Nose,**Ob may it lie in thy Nose.**Luck.*

Luck. Mollify yourself, Madam.

Sir John. That is really a pretty Creature, it were a Piece of Charity to take her to myself for a Handmaid.

[*Aside.*

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly ; — If Magistrates are to be abus'd at this Rate, the Devil may be a Constable for me. Harkee, Madam, do ye know who we are ?

Nov. A Rogue, Sir.

Const. Madam, I'm a Constable by Day, and a Justice of Peace by Night.

Nov. That is a Buzzard by Day, and an Owl by Night.

A I R XXII. New-market.

Const. *Why, Madam, do you give such Words as these
To a Constable and a Justice of Peace ?
I fancy you'll better know how to speak,
By that time you've been in Bridewell a Week ;
Have beaten good Hemp, and been
Whipt at a Post ;
I hope you'll repent, when some Skin
You have lost.
But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe ;
Come down a good Guinea, and you shall be clear.*

Nov. Oh, *Sir John*, you, I am sure, are the Commander in this Enterprize. If you will prevent the rest of our Show, let me beg you will permit the Dance.

A I R XXIII. Charming Betty.

*Sweetest Hony,
Good Sir Johny,
Pr'ythee let us take a Dance,
Leave your Canting,
Zealous Ranting,
Come and shake a merry Haunch.*

*Motions firing,
 Sounds inspiring,
 We are led to softer Joys;
 Where in Trances
 Each Soul dances,
 Musick then seems only Noise.*

Sir *John*. Verily, I am conquer'd. Pity prevailleth over Severity, and the Flesh hath subdued the Spirit. I feel a Motion in me, and whether it be of Grace or no I am not certain. Pretty Maid, I cannot be deaf any longer to your Prayers, I will abide the performing a Dance, and will myself, being thereto mov'd by an inward working, accompany you therein, taking for my Partner that Reverend Gentleman.

Maſt. Then strike up.

Enter Witmore, Moneywood, Harriot, Bantomite.

Wit. Long live his Majesty of *Bantam*!

Money. Heaven preserve him!

Bant. Your gracious Father, Sir, greets you well.

Luck. What, in the Devil's Name, is the Meaning of this?

Bant. I find he is intirely ignorant of his Father.

Wit. Ay, Sir, it is very common in this Country for a Man not to know his Father.

Luck. What do you mean?

Bant. His Features are much alter'd.

Luck. Sir, I shall alter your Features, if you proceed.

Bant. Give me leave to explain myself. I was your Tutor in your earliest Days, sent by your Father, his present Majesty *Francis IV*. King of *Bantam*, to shew you the World. We arriv'd at *London*, when one Day among other Frolicks our Ship's Crew shooting the Bridge, the Boat over-set, and of all our Company, I and your Royal Self were only sav'd by swimming to *Billingsgate*; but tho' I sav'd my Life, I lost for some time my Senses, and you, as I then fear'd, for ever. When I recover'd, after a long fruitless Search for my Royal Master, I set Sail for *Ban-*
tam,

I am, but was driven by the Winds on far distant Coasts, and wander'd several Years, till at last I arriv'd once more at *Bantam*, — Guess how I was receiv'd — The King order'd me to be imprison'd for Life: At last some lucky Chance brought thither {a Merchant, who offer'd this Jewel as a Present to the King of *Bantam*.

Luck. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon my Arm, which by good Luck I preserv'd from every other Accident, till want of Money forc'd me to pawn it.

Bant. The Merchant being strictly examin'd, said he had it of a Pawn-broker, upon which I was immediately dispatch'd to *England*, and the Merchant kept close Prisoner till my Return, then to be punish'd with Death, or rewarded with the Government of an Island.

Luck. Know then, that at that Time when you lost your Senses, I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a Waterman, and convey'd to his Wife, who sold Oysters, by whose Assistance I recover'd. But the Waters of the *Thames*, like those of *Lethe*, had caus'd an entire Oblivion of my former Fortune. — But now it breaks in like Light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your Name *Gonsalvo*?

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh my *Gonsalvo*!

Bant. Oh, my dearest Lord! }

[*Embrace.*]

Luck. But say by what lucky Accident you discover'd me.

Bant. I did intend to have advertis'd you in the *Evening-Post*, with a Reward; but being directed by the Merchant to the Pawn-broker, I was accidentally there enquiring after you, when your Boy brought your Nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the Son of a King should pawn a Hat!) The Woman told me, that was the Boy that pawn'd the Jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodg'd.

Luck. Prodigious Forune!

[*A Wind-born without.*]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An Express is arriv'd from *Bantam* with the News of his Majesty's Death.

Bant. Then, Sir, you are King. Long live *Henry I.* King of *Bantam*.

Omnes. Long live *Henry I.* King of *Bantam*.

Luck. *Witmore*, I now may repay your Generosity,

Wit. Fortune has repaid me, I am sure more than she ow'd, by conferring this Blessing on you.

Luck. My Friend — But here I am indebted to the golden Goddess, for having given me an Opportunity to aggrandise the Mistress of my Soul, and set her on the Throne of *Bantam*. Come, Madam, now you may lay aside your Mask; so once repeat your Acclamations, Long live *Henry* and *Harriot*, King and Queen of *Bantam*.

Omnes. Huzza!

AIR XXIV. Gently touch the warbling Lyre,

Harr. Let others fondly court a Throne,

All my Joy's in you alone;

Let me find a Crown in you,

Let me find a Sceptre too,

Equal in the Court or Grove,

I am blest, do you but love.

Luck. Were I not with you to live,

Bantam would no Pleasure give.

Happier in some Forest I

Could upon that Bosom lie.

I would guard you from all Harms,

While you slept within my Arms.

Harr. Would an Alexander rise,

Him I'd view with scornful Eyes.

Luck. Would Helen with thy Charms compare,

Her I'd think not half so fair:

Dearest shalt thou ever be.

Harr. Thou alone shalt reign in me,

Const.

Const. I hope your Majesty will pardon a poor ignorant Constable: I did not know your Worship, I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you — Ay more — You shall be chief Constable of *Bantam*, — You *Sir John*, shall be chief Justice of Peace; you, *Sir*, my Orator; you my Poet-Laureat; you my Bookfeller; you *Don Tragedio*, *Sir Farcical*, *Signior Opera*, and Count *Ugly*, shall entertain the City of *Bantam* with your Performances; *Mrs. Novel*, you shall be a Romance-Writer; and to shew my Generosity, *Monsieur Marplay*, you shall superintend my Theatres — All proper Servants for the King of *Bantam*.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This Gentlewoman is the Queen's Mother.

Money. For want of a better, Gentlemen.

A I R XXV. Oh ponder well.

Money. *Alack how alter'd is my Fate!*

What Changes have I seen! —

For I, who Lodgings let of late,

Am now again a Queen.

Punch. *And I, who in this Puppet-Shew*

Have played Punchenello,

Will now let all the Audience know

I am no common Fellow.

Punch. If his Majesty of *Bantam* will give me leave, I can make a Discovery which will be to his Satisfaction. You have chose for a Wife, *Henrietta*, Princess of *Old Brentford*.

Omnes. How!

Punch. When the King of *Old Brentford* was expell'd by the King of the *New*, the Queen flew away with her little Daughter, then about two Years old, and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the Phiz of my Mother, and thus I ask her Blessing.

Money. Oh, my Son!

Harr. Oh, my Brother!

Punch. Oh, my Sister!

Money. I am forry, in this Pickle, to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've said: Tho' I have been reduced to let Lodgings, I was the Queen of *Brentford*, and this, tho' a Player, is a King's Son.

Enter Joan.

Joan. Then I am a King's Daughter, for this Gentleman is my Husband.

Money. My Daughter!

Harr. } My Sister!

Luck. }

Punch. My Wife!

Luck. Strike up Kettle-Drums and Trumpets —

Punch. I will restore you into your Kingdom at the Expence of my own. I will send an Express to *Bantam* for my Army.

Punch. Brother, I thank you ——— And now, if you please, we will celebrate these happy Discoveries with a Dance.

A D A N C E.

Luck. Taught by my Fate, let never Bard despair,
Tho' long he drudge, and feed on *Grub-street* Air:
Since him (at last) 'tis possible to see
As happy and as great a King as me.





EPILOGUE.

1 Poet,
2 Poet,
3 Poet,
4 Poet,
Player,
Cat,

Mr. Jones.
Mr. Dove.
Mr. Marshal.
Mr. Wells jun.
Miss Palms.
Mrs. Martin.

FOUR POETS sitting at a Table.

1 Po. **B** Rethren we are assembled here, to write
An Epilogue, which must be spoke To-night.

2 Po. *Let the first Lines be to the Pit address'd.*

3 Po. *If Criticks too were mention'd, it were best;
With fulsome Flattery, let them be cramm'd,
But if they damn the Play——*

1 Po. ————— *Let them be damn'd.*

2 Po. *Supposing therefore, Brother, we shou'd lay
Some very great Encomiums on the Play?*

3 Po. *It cannot be amiss——*

1 Po. ————— *Now mount the Boxes,
Abuse the Beaus, and compliment the Doxies.*

4 Po. *Abuse the Beaus!—— But how?*

1 Po. ————— *Oh! never mind.
In ev'ry modern Epilogue, you'll find
Enough, which we may borrow of that kind.*

3 Po. *What will the Name of Imitation soften?*

1 Po. *Oh! Sir, you cannot say good things too often;
And sure those Thoughts which in another shine,
Become not duller, by becoming mine.*

3 Po. *I'm satisfy'd.*

1 Po. ————— *The Audience is already
Divided into Critick, Beau, and Lady;
Nor Box, nor Pit, nor Gallery, can shew
One, who's not Lady, Critick, or a Beau.*

E P I L O G U E.

- 3 Po. *It must be very difficult to please
Fancies so odd, so opposite as these.*
- 1 Po. *The Task is not so difficult, as put;
There's one thing pleases all.*
- 2 Po. — *What is that?*
- 1 Po. ————— *Smut.*
*For as a Whore is lik'd, for being tawdry,
So is an Epilogue for —————*
- 3 Po. [in a Passion] ————— *I order you,
On Pain of my Departure, not to chatter,
One Word so very sav'ry of the Creature;
For, by my Pen, might I Parnassus share,
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the Fair.*
- 1 Po. *You are too nice ——— for say whate'er we can,
Their Modesty is safe behind a Fan.*
- 4 Po. *Well, let us now begin.*
- 3 Po. ————— *But we omit
An Epilogue's chief Decoration, Wit.*
- 1 Po. *It hath been so; but that stale Custom's broken;
Tho' dull to read, 'twill please you when 'tis spoken.*

Enter the Author.

- Auth. *Fy, Gentlemen, the Audience now hath staid
This half Hour for the Epilogue ———*
- All Po. ————— *'Tis not made.*
- Auth. *How! then I value not your Aid of that,
I'll have the Epilogue spoken by a Cat.
Pufs, Pufs, Pufs, Pufs, Pufs, Pufs, Pufs.*

Enter Cat.

- 1 Po. ————— *I'm in a Rage
When Cats come on, Poets shou'd leave the Stage.*
- [Exeunt Poets.]
- Cat. *Mew, Mew.*
- Auth. ————— *Poor Pufs, come hither pretty Rogue,
Who knows but you may come to be in Vogue?
Some Ladies like a Cat, and some a Dog.*

Enter

E P I L O G U E.

Enter a Player.

Play. *Cass! cass! cass! cass! Fy, Mr. Luckless, what Can you be doing with that filthy Cat?* [Exit Cat.

Auth. *Oh! curst Misfortune——what can I be doing? This Devil's coming in has prov'd my Ruin. She's driv'n the Cat and Epilogue away.*

Play. *Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.*

Auth. *Mad you may call me, Madam; but you'll own, I hope, I am not madder than the Town.*

Play. *A Cat to speak an Epilogue——*

Auth. *———speak!——no,*
Only to act the Epilogue in Dumb-Show.

Play. *Dumb-Show!*

Auth. *———Why, pray, is that so strange in Comedy? And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda? Where you may find strange Incidents intended, And regular Intrigues begun and ended, Tho' not a Word doth from an Actor fall; As 'tis polite to speak in Murmurs small, Sure, 'tis politer not to speak at all.*

Play. *But who is this?*

Enter Cat as a Woman.

Auth. *——— I know her not ——*

Cat. *——— I that Am now a Woman, lately was a Cat.*

[Turns to the Audience.

Gallants, you seem to think this Transformation As strange as was the Rabbit's Procreation; That 'tis as odd a Cat shou'd take the Habit Of breeding us, as we shou'd breed a Rabbit. I'll warrant eating one of them wou'd be As easy to a Beau, as —— kissing me. I wou'd not for the World that Thing should catch us, Cries scar'd Sir Plume. —— Fore-gad, my Lord, she'd scratch us.

Yet

EPILOGUE.

*Yet let not that deter you from your Sport,
You'll find my Nails are par'd exceeding short.
But—Ha!—what Murmurs thro' the Benches roam!
The Husbands cry——we've Cat enough at home.
This Transformation can be strange to no Man,
There's a great Likeness 'twixt a Cat and Woman.*

*Chang'd by her Lover's earnest Prayers, we're told,
A Cat was, to a beauteous Maid of old.
Cou'd modern Husbands thus the Gods prevail on;
Oh gemini! what Wife wou'd have no Tail on.
Puffs wou'd be seen where Madam lately sat,
And ev'ry Lady Townley 'be a Cat.*

*Say, all of you, whose Honey-moon is over,
What wou'd you give such Changes to discover;
And waking in the Morn, instead of Bride,
To find poor Pussy purring by your Side.
Say, gentle Husbands, which of you wou'd curse,
And cry, my Wife is alter'd for the worse?*

*Shou'd to our Sex the Gods like Justice show,
And at our Pray'rs transform our Husbands too,
Many a Lord, who now his Fellows scorns,
Wou'd then exceed a Cat by nothing—but his Horns.
So Plenty then wou'd be those Foes to Rats,
Henley might prove that all Mankind are Cats.*

F I N I S.







AH: 13-08: E4.

JW-

